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Boston two hundred years ago...

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ANN CARTER AND THUNDERSQUALL,)

(with a distant view of Boston in 1630.)



“The young Indian and Miss Carter stood before the altar, and plighted their mutual vows. Oh, it was a strange, and almost an unholy sight, to see a young and innocent creature, in the very morning of her life, thus throw herself away upon one whose home, from infancy, had been the forest and the cave.” (See page 14.)

B O S T O N
TWO HUNDRED YEARS AGO,
OR
THE ROMANTIC STORY OF
MISS ANN CARTER,
(DAUGHTER OF ONE OF THE FIRST SETTLERS,)
AND THE CELEBRATED INDIAN CHIEF,
THUNDERSQUALL;
WITH MANY HUMOROUS REMINISCENCES AND
EVENTS OF OLDEN TIME.

Boston :

1830.

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FROM THE HEIRS OF
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BOSTON IN 1630.

Whate'er in life may be my varied lot,
Boston, dear Boston, ne'er shall be forgot.—R. T. PAINE.

The very spot on which Boston now stands, was once the abiding place of the lords of the forest. Here, where a populous and great city appears to our view, the Indians, in other times, were wont to assemble and offer up their prayers to the great Spirit, for a blessing on those of their giant race who should follow after them.

It is our intention in the following pages to give some account of the extraordinary story of Miss Carter, (daughter of one of the first settlers,) and 'Thundersquall, a celebrated Indian Chief. We shall also relate many new and interesting reminiscences which occurred anterior to this period, the authenticity of which, we rely on. A valuable old manuscript, written more than one hundred and twenty-five years since, by a gentleman who came to this country in 1680, is before us, and from which we derive most of the information contained in these pages. We shall commence with the strange history of Miss Carter, the particulars of which have never before been laid before the public. This young lady came to our country from England with her parents in 1695, and settled near where Charlestown now stands. Her father was one of the persecuted members of the reformed Church of Scotland, and by those who knew him, esteemed a pious and good man. Miss Carter was about seventeen years of age when her parents first emigrated to this country. She was even at this early period celebrated for her uncommon beauty, and many are the stories told of her conquests over the sterner sex. It is said her refusal of the proffered hand of a man high in authority in England, was the principal cause of her father's persecutions, and which finally compelled him to seek refuge from oppression, by flying to another and a distant land. At the time the Carter family arrived here, New England, and indeed the whole country, was in the undisturbed possession of the Indians. A numerous tribe of these savages headed by their noted chief, Thunder-

squall, had long infested these parts and were daily committing some new depredation on the inoffensive settlers. History informs us that Thundersquall was a warrior of undoubted courage, and once a determined and implacable foe to the whites. He was moreover celebrated for the unbounded influence he possessed over his tribe, and for his youth and fine personal appearance. In looking over the Indian wars, we find it stated that Thundersquall was born in 1673, which makes him at the time of which we are writing, about twenty-three years of age. As the little band of settlers increased in numbers, Thundersquall divested himself of much of his former prejudice towards "the pale faces," and began to look upon them as brothers sent by the great Spirit to make his people happy. A few years only elapsed from the time of the first settlement of Mr. Carter, ere he had by his numerous acts of kindness toward the Indians, gained their entire confidence and esteem. Thundersquall would about once a month visit his little dwelling, and bring skins and other emblems of the chase as a present to his "father," as he always reverently called Mr. Carter, and was never suffered to return without some trifling present being given him by a member of the family.

One afternoon in the autumn of 1696 Thundersquall came to Mr. Carter's house during the absence of the family and desired admittance. On being told by a domestic there was no one at home but himself, he left the house, and giving a war shout, darted instantly for the woods and was seen no more. Late in the afternoon of the next day, he again appeared, and was kindly welcomed by Miss Carter, to whom he had always shewn the utmost deference. Miss Carter had for two or three years past endeavored to instill into his mind, whenever a fit opportunity presented itself, the precepts of the Christian religion. She would also tell him of the fond hopes entertained by her father of seeing him at no distant day a civilized and Christian being, and how much happier he would be, than he now was. Thundersquall listened attentively, and then starting upon his feet exclaimed with great agitation, "never will I leave the peaceful home of my fathers, or the spot which the great Spirit has given me to lay my bones upon when he shall call me to the mansions of the happy. Maiden of the lilly skin," continued Thundersquall, "meet me near where yonder river winds its way to the great ocean, to-morrow, on the going down

of the sun. I would speak with thee of things which doſt concern thy family. I cannot talk now, for I am ſad, and the power of dreams is upon me. The great Spirit has ſpoken to me in his wrath, and I am unhappy and humble, even as a little child. Hark! I hear the ſhrill battle cry of my warriors near the dwelling, and I muſt be with them in the ſhout and the dance.” Saying this, he roſe and darted inſtantly from the houſe. Miſs Carter, out of mere idle curioſity, had conſented to meet Thundersquall at the time and place appointed. Accordingly the next evening ſhe wrapped herſelf in her cloak and proceeded towards the river. Thundersquall was there ſeated upon a rock, apparently in deep meditation. He roſe on her appearance and deſired her to be ſeated. After ſome little converſation had paſſed between them, Miſs Carter deſired him to favor her with an account of his life and adventures. He conſented, and thus began:

“At the next moon of flowers it will be ſeven times four ſnows ſince my mother gave me to the world on the banks of the Meſchaceba. The Spaniards had juſt begun to make ſettlements at the bay of Pensacola, but no white perſon yet inhabited any of the weſtern ſtates.

I had ſcarcely numbered fourteen falling of the leaves, when I marched with my father Maſſasoit, the warrior, againſt the Muſcogules, a powerful nation of the Floridas. We joined our allies, the Spaniards, and a battle was fought upon one of the branches of the Mobile. Neither the Areskoui, nor the Manitons were propitious. The enemy were triumphant. My father was ſlain in the engagement; and I was twice wounded in his defence. Oh that I had deſcended to the land of ſhadows, that I might have eſcaped the miſeries which awaited me on earth! But the great Spirit had ordained otherwiſe, and I was led away by my enemies to St. Augustine.

In this diſmal place, I run the riſk of being carried off to work in the mines of Mexico. But an old man named Winſlow, touched with my youth and ſimplicity, offered me an aſylum, and introduced me to a ſiſter with whom he lived as a bachelor. This worthy couple imbibed for me ſentiments of the moſt tender regard. After living thirty moons in this manner, I began to be diſgusted with ſocial life. I grew pale and emaciated. Sometimes I ſtood for whole hours immovable, contemplating far diſtant forests, where my broth-

ers, the Indians, dwelt. Sometimes they found me seated on the banks of a river, regarding its gentle current in melancholy silence. I painted to myself the woods through which this stream had passed, and my very soul longed once more for solitude and quiet.

At length being unable any longer to resist the desire of returning to the desert, I appeared one morning before Winslow in my savage dress, holding in one hand my bow and arrows, and in the other, my English garments. These I returned my generous benefactor, at whose feet I fell, shedding a torrent of tears. Oh my father, said I, thou thyself knowest that unless I enter again upon my wandering life, after the Indian manner, I shall certainly die. Winslow struck with astonishment would have dissuaded me from my purpose. He represented to me the risks I should run of falling into the hands of my enemies, from whom I had so often narrowly escaped. But seeing I was resolved to encounter every danger, clasping me in his arms, with tears in his eyes he exclaimed, "Go, magnanimous child of nature! enjoy this valuable independence of man, go, and be happy." My friend concluded with a prayer to the God of Christians for my safety, and we parted forever. Punishment, however, for my ingratitude was not long delayed. Through want of experience I lost myself in the woods, and was taken by a party of Muscogules and Seminoles, as my benefactor had predicted. They soon discovered by my dress and the feathers on my head, that I belonged to another tribe in a far distant country, which had often fought against them. On account of my youth they bound me but slightly. The chief of their party demanded my name. I replied, My name is Thundersquall, son of Massasoit, the great warrior who has taken more than two hundred scalps from the Muscogule heroes. He replied with savage fierceness, "Thundersquall, son of Massasoit, rejoice! Thou shalt be burned in the great village, and thy bones be given to the winds!"—I retorted, that is bravely said! and began my death song. I felt happy in the thought that I was at length going to meet my father in the peaceful land of spirits.

The women who accompanied the party, manifested a tender pity for me on account of my youth, and their curiosity appeared amiable. They asked me many questions concerning my mother and the days of my childhood.

They wished to know whether I was suspended in my mossy cradle to the flowry branches of the maple tree, and whether the gentle breezes rocked me near the nests of the little birds. A thousand other questions followed, concerning the state of my heart. I ingenuously answered them : You are, said I, the ornament of the day, and the night loves you like the dew. Man from his infancy is dependent on you. Your words are a magic which assuages all grief and mitigates all pain. Hear what she said who brought me into the world, and whom I never expect to see more. She told me that virgins were mysterious flowers, found only in solitary places. As I expected, these praises gave great pleasure to the women. They loaded me with presents of various kinds. They brought me oil, nuts, maple sugar, beaver skins, and also some shells to ornament my person, and moss for my bed. They sung, they laughed with me, and then fell to weeping when they thought I was so soon to go to the land of spirits.

One night as I was sitting near the fire of the camp, I heard the rustling of a garment upon the grass ; and a woman half veiled, appeared, and unsolicited, seated herself beside me. Tears streamed from her eyes, and a little golden crucifix sparkled upon her breast by the light of the fire. She was regularly beautiful, and in her countenance appeared certain traits of virtue and affection which carried with them an irresistible charm, and to which was added a most delicate hue. An extreme sensibility united with a deep melancholy, discovered itself in her looks.

I thought her to be the virgin of the last love ; that virgin which is sent to a prisoner of war to enchant his tomb. In this persuasion, I said with much hesitancy, Virgin ! you are worthy of the first love, and you surely cannot be made for the last love. The young woman answered, "I am not the virgin of the last love—art thou a Christian ?" No, I answered, never have I forsaken the genius of the forest. At these words the virgin suddenly started and said, "I am sorry that thou art but a wicked idolater ! My mother, who was born an Indian, but who was converted by good men to the only true faith, taught me in very early life to be a Christian. My name is Moregan, daughter of Sewigan, of golden bracelets, and chief of the warriors

who compose this band. We are now going to Beladonna, where thou wilt be burned." Upon pronouncing these words, Moregan arose and departed."

Here Thundersquall was obliged to pause. Recollections of past events pressed upon him, and tears, copious, gushing tears, ran from his closed eyes down his young and manly cheeks. Miss Carter was deeply affected. She beheld before her one of the most renowned warriors of the age; him who had met danger in more than a hundred battles, and defied death in every shape, at her feet, weeping like a child! Nature had triumphed, and the unsophisticated son of the forest was compelled for a while to obey its mandate. At length, having recovered himself, Thundersquall thus continued his narrative. "On the seventeenth day of our march, about the time when the sun hides himself behind the mountains, we entered a new country, called Beladonna, situated near the great lakes. The chief gave orders for the pow-wow of joy, and the party encamped at the foot of some lofty hills. I was tied to a tree and vigilantly guarded by a warrior.

I had been but a few moments in this place before the shadow of Moregan appeared. She came to inform me I was to die in the course of a few hours, for the chiefs had so declared their determination in her presence. I was happy when I heard I was going to my fathers' home, and entreated of her not to intercede in my behalf. She promised that she would not, and begged I would think of her, when in the land of silence. Presently two of the aged warriors came and inquired if I was prepared for death, I replied yes, and they then left me to make the necessary preparations. Night set in. All was calm, solitary and holy in the scene around me. The stork cried upon its nest; the woods echoed the monotonous song of the quail, the prating of the paroquets, bellowing of the bison and the neighing of the wild horse. Morning came and found me in the same situation. Before the chiefs had risen Moregan came and informed me I was to be carried towards the north. In going hither, said she, you pass by the ruins of one of those ancient monuments which once belonged to a people now unknown in the desert. In the midst of this grove was an extensive plain where the prisoners of war were sacrificed. Thither they conducted me in triumph, and all prepared themselves for my execution. They fixed the stake; the pines and the ancient

cypresses fall beneath the hatchet. The funeral pile rises ; the spectators build amphitheatres with branches and trunks of trees. Each one invents some new punishment; one proposes to tear off my scalp, another to burn my eyes out with red hot tomahawks. I begin my death song.

“O Muscogules ! I fear no torments ; for I am brave and defy you. I despise you more than an old woman. My father, the great Massasoit drank from the skulls of your most renowned warriors. You shall never force a sigh from the heart of Thundersquall.”

One of the chiefs who stood near me provoked by my song pierced my arm with an arrow, to whom I said, Brother, I thank thee !

In spite of the activity of the murderers, the preparations for the sacrifice could not be finished before the setting of the sun. The Juggler being consulted, objected against disturbing the genii of night ; my death was therefore postponed till the next day. But through impatience for the joyful spectacle, and to be ready at the rising of the sun, they did not retire to rest, but built large fires and began their feasting and dancing.

In the meantime they stretched me upon my back, and tied cords around my neck ; my arms and legs were fastened to stakes driven into the ground. My guards lay upon these cords, and it was impossible to make the least movement without being heard. The night passes slowly away, the singing and dancing ceases by degrees ; the fires emit but a feeble glimmering, before which are seen the shadows of a few straggling Indians. The multitude are buried in sleep. As the noise of man ceases, that of the wilderness augments, and to the uproar of voices succeeds the whistling of the wind among the trees. The Indians had drank freely during the evening, and were therefore soon unable to stand or help themselves. Drunkenness, which lasts a long time among the savages, and is a kind of disease in their constitutions generally, prevents their doing much mischief while the fit is on them. So it proved on this occasion. I found but little difficulty in extricating myself from my unpleasant situation, and escaping unperceived.

I left the Indians asleep, and steered my course towards the north, being directed by the moss which grows on the trunks of the oaks. I soon learned however that I had gained but little by my escape ; the desert now opened to

my view in its immeasurable solitude. Without experience in procuring sustenance in these desert wilds ; wandering in an unknown track, without any guide, what could become of me in this howling wilderness ? I asked, but there came no answer in return. Finally, after many days journey, I again arrived among my people, who received me with open arms. The chiefs flocked around me, and heard with amazement of the strange vicissitudes through which I had passed since they had seen me. For myself I returned thanks to the great Spirit who had permitted me once more to visit my people, and the home of my forefathers. Daughter of the white man, I have told you with Indian frankness part of my history, hereafter you shall know more. It is late. The sun has long since sunk behind the mountains, and the big moon looks loweringly in the heavens. A storm is gathering. The great Spirit is angry with the red man, and I will go therefore to my wigwam in the forest, and appease his wrath—Farewell.

Thus ended the singular story of the young chief Thundersquall. The moment he had concluded, he darted into the woods and was soon out of sight. Miss Carter proceeded immediately to her dwelling. Her father, alarmed at her long absence, had despatched a domestic in pursuit of her, who returned, unable to find any trace of where she had gone. When Miss Carter arrived at the house, she was so much fatigued and overcome by the night air that she soon retired to rest. On her appearance at the breakfast table the next morning, she looked unusually pale and dejected. Mr. Carter gently chided her for exposing herself to the damp air the night previous, and recommended her to keep within doors for a few days. She followed her father's advice, and soon recovered from the slight indisposition under which she labored.

For several weeks nothing was seen or heard of Thundersquall; and it was therefore thought he had gone suddenly to some other part of the country. One afternoon, however, as Mr. Carter was returning from a distant neighbor, he unexpectedly met him and some of his chiefs, laden with the skins of animals they had slain, and wending their way towards their wigwams. He invited them to his house, and when arrived there, treated them as friends and brothers. Miss Carter was much pleased to see her gallant red friend, as

she familiarly called Thundersquall, and he was no less gratified at again beholding his benefactress, whom he always looked upon with a kind of savage delight. He remained with Mr. Carter an hour or more, and then rose to depart, saying he should call again shortly. The next day, he again appeared and was as usual welcomed by the family, for whom he felt a strong friendship. His visits now became more frequent, and scarcely a day passed, without seeing him at Mr. Carter's dwelling. It was remarked that Miss Carter and Thundersquall were often seen together apparently in deep conversation, and on the former being reminded of the fact, she would reply she was endeavoring to instill into the mind of "the child of the forest" the precepts of undefiled religion.

Affairs went on in this manner for some months, until at length it was intimated to Mr. Carter that his daughter was too often seen in the company of the young Indian, and her friends began to be somewhat alarmed at the consequences. It was remarked whenever Thundersquall's name was mentioned, a smile was seen to play upon the countenance of Miss Carter. Indeed there remained very little doubt in the minds of her friends, but that a strong and mutual attachment existed between them. Strange as this may appear in our day, it is nevertheless true. The acquaintance between the parties began probably on the part of Miss Carter by a kind of sympathy for the young Indian, which, it appears, ripened into esteem and love. She saw the visage of Thundersquall, as did Desdemona that of Othello's, *in his mind*, and she was willing and prepared to suffer all things so that she might be his. Strange infatuation. A young and lovely girl attached to one whose home from infancy had been in the forest and the cave.

The father of Miss Carter remonstrated with her upon the subject, but in vain. Her friends interceded to prevent the union, but she turned a deaf ear to their entreaties. Her determination she declared was irrevocably fixed and nothing on earth should alter it.

They were alone one night in one of the rooms of her father's dwelling. The young Indian and his mistress set beside each other. No eye was upon them, except that All Seeing one, and in silence therefore they held commune with each other's spirits. There had been a long pause. At length their

eyes met, and with that one glance the whole current of their thoughts was changed. The blood which had a moment before left the Indian's cheek so colourless, rushed back to it again. The love which had so penetrated and pervaded his whole system, now thrilled through his frame with redoubled power. As if by an involuntary and mutual impulse, their lips met, he threw his arms around her, he strained her to his bosom. Wild and unholy were their thoughts and passions, and the *dark gulf* had been passed.

The young Indian pressed his lips once more to her own; it gave a living answer, and the last seal to their compact. As they stood before the open lattice, the still and unconscious moon looked down upon the record of their guilt. They stood beneath the calm and holy sky, a guilty and devoted pair—a fearful contrast of the sin and turbulence of this unquiet earth to the passionless serenity of the eternal Heaven. The same stars that had for thousands of unfathomed years looked upon the changes of this nether world, gleamed pale, and pure, and steadfast upon their burning but transitory vow. In a few years what of the condemnation or records of that vow would remain. From other lips, on that spot, other oaths might be plighted; new pledges of fidelity exchanged, and, year after year, in each succession of scene and time, the same stars will look from their untracked and impenetrable home, to mock as now, with their immutability, the variations and shadows of mankind.

Our subject has grown under our hands, and the space allotted us, compels us to hasten to its close. The love of Miss Carter towards Thundersquall, we have observed, was no common attachment. Time could not weaken it, nor friends interrupt its harmony. After every thing had been done by the parents to prevent the union in vain, they at last reluctantly yielded their assent, and on a Sabbath morning, before a large multitude who had collected together to witness the novel scene, the young Indian and Miss Carter plighted their mutual faith at the altar.

Oh! it was a strange and almost an unholy sight, thus to see an innocent and lovely creature, reared in all the refinements of social life, throw herself away in her young days, upon an unbeliever. Yet she did so, and the world has since applauded her determination.

Many who reside in this city, are descended from this stock, and the pure

blood which courses through their veins, claims consanguinity with Thunder-squall, the boldest of a mighty race, who TWO HUNDRED YEARS AGO flourished where the metropolis of New-England now stands.

REMINISCENCES.

Our country was first discovered, as every reader well knows, by *Columbus*, an enterprising navigator of Genoa. About the year 1492, the West Indies was discovered, under Spanish patronage. In the early part of the spring of 1497, John Cabot made a voyage from England, and discovered the continent of North America. He proceeded first northerly to the sixty-seventh degree, and then returning, coasted to the south as far as Florida. The southern continent was found by Columbus in 1498. We believe the first voyage made from France to this country was in 1524.

Massachusetts Bay, the bottom of which forms the harbor of Boston, had not been much explored previous to 1614. Twelve years before, an Englishman whose name is unknown to us, came in a direct course from Falmouth, and made some parts of the eastern coast, probably where New-England now stands.

Capt. John Smith in 1614, sailed from England with two ships under his command. He explored the coast from Mauhegan to Cape Cod. In speaking of this voyage on his return to England, he says, "Of all the four parts of the world, I have yet seen uninhabited, could I have but means to transport a colony, I would rather live here, than any where." Massachusetts, in particular, he calls "the paradise of the world." Smith, in a map he kept for the purpose, gave names to the most remarkable places on the coast which he visited, among others, he gave the name of BOSTON, to the *then* wilderness, but *now* lovely and populous city, in which we, and our fathers before us, have dwelt in security and peace.

We believe that no attempt was made to establish a colony in Massachusetts Bay until the year 1620, when a permanent settlement was made at Plymouth. The company left England in the fall of 1619, and on the 6th of Sep-

tember of the following year, they loosed from Plymouth, and after many difficulties in boisterous storms, upon the ninth of November by break of day, they espied land which proved to be Cape Cod. The first duty for this little band of pilgrims to perform was to select some suitable individual for Governor of the colony. By general consent the choice fell on Mr. John Carver, and on the same day there were sent ashore, fifteen men well armed, to look for a convenient spot for their intended residence. Their first and second search was unsatisfactory, and it was not till the sixteenth of December, that the ship arrived and anchored in the harbor of Patuxet, where the pilgrims at length took up their abode; and thus laid the foundation of a new world.

THIS DAY (the 17th of September, 1830,) completes the two hundredth anniversary of the settlement of Boston. An event of so much importance should not be passed over by our citizens without some unusual manifestation of public rejoicing. *It will not be.* The orator and the poet will from the sacred desk tell us of our country's greatness, and bid us onward to the prize purchased by the toil and blood of our fathers. What a great change has taken place in America since 1630. From a weak and feeble colony, we have become a mighty and flourishing republic. Here where the Indian race once flourished, is a city, famed for its intelligence and hospitality. Our country seems marked out by Heaven for some great purpose. While the institutions of the old world are fast crumbling to decay, and her kings* flying to escape the popular indignation, we remain unmoved by the tempests which rages with such fury on the other side of the Atlantic. Long may the good old city of Boston remain

———"filled with the sons of art,
And trade and joy in every busy street
Mingling, be heard."

* Charles X. late King of France, is daily expected in this country, where, it is said, he intends to reside for the remainder of his life.

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